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an annual parallax of several seconds, with the exquisite Palermo circle.

The three most generally interesting papers in the number, are the reviews of Godwin's *Cloudesley*; R. Montgomery's *Satan*; and Gleig's *Life of Sir Thomas Munro*. It certainly adds not a little to the pleasurable interest with which we peruse the various quarterly periodicals of Great Britain, to observe the discrepancies or coincidences of opinion between the more elaborate and leisurely criticisms of these publications, and those which we ourselves had previously formed and expressed on the same subjects. Except that the Edinburgh speaks much less favourably of the powers displayed in Godwin's novel than we did, it has taken nearly the same views of the literary merits of these works as we presented to our readers when they appeared. We were much censured at the time, now four months ago, for the severe terms in which we deemed it our duty to expose the defects of so popular a poet as the author of *Satan*. The review, in the Edinburgh, which is headed, "Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems, and the modern practice of puffing," will, however satisfy the author and publisher that they might go farther and fare worse than we had treated their bantling. The reviewer writes: "*Satan* is a long soliloquy, which the devil pronounces in five or six thousand lines of blank verse, concerning geography, politics, newspapers, fashionable society, theatrical amusements, Sir Walter Scott's novels, Lord Byron's poetry, and Mr. Martin's pictures. \* \* \* It is too much that this patchwork, made by stitching together old odds and ends of what, when new, was, for the most part, but tawdry frippery, is to be picked off the dunghill on which it ought to rot, and to be held up to admiration as an inestimable specimen of art." There is likewise a pleasing paper on the modern Anglo-French drama, a dry one on the question of legal registries in England; ditto on the coal trade; a national essay on Scottish judicial reforms; and a political paper on finance.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Toulon, May 14.

A German paper informs us that the navy of the Two Sicilies is in preparation, and is to be placed at the disposal of France, during the war in Africa.

Admiral Duperre, who commands the *Provence*, will attack the fortifications, whilst our troops are effecting the landing. This will facilitate the operations. The steam-boat *le Nageur* will take the admiral's vessel in tow, to aid in this, and will take it under the batteries, on which it will discharge its two rows of 36 and 24 pounders.

Yesterday an experiment was made here with fire-balls, in presence of a general officer, and others of high rank. The marksmen were armed with guns of large calibre, called *fusils de ram-part*; they were about eighty paces from the target, which was a square box, filled with straw and other combustibles, and the fire appeared the moment the ball penetrated the chest. The experiment was then repeated with pistols of a large size, and succeeded equally well. Tomorrow all the troops will have embarked.

It is reported that the Bey of Constantine, (one of the provinces of the regency of Algiers,) has declared for France; and as he is one of the most powerful of the Dey's governors, his de-

fection will leave the Turks almost without any resources.

The Bey of Tunis is said to remain neuter. A ship arrived at Ceuta on the 13th. from Majorca, the captain of which stated that he had met a naval squadron bound, as he imagined, for Algiers; and a report prevails here (Toulon) that they are English vessels, gone to convoy their consul from Algiers; and, after firing several broadsides on the town, the Dey lowered his flag, and hoisted the English colours. If this be true, we shall arrive too late.

Paris, May 24.

Letters from Petersburg, of a recent date, inform us that the Emperor of Russia has remitted three millions of ducats to the credit of his covenanted payments.

It is announced that M. Berryer will be the under Secretary to the Minister of Justice.

A report has prevailed that Madame Buonaparte is dead, but it is not the case; as letters of the 3d of May, from Rome, state her to be still living—though suffering most excruciating torments. Cardinal Fesch obtained leave from the Pope to give absolution to Madame Lætitia. This pontifical grace has only been granted, heretofore, to cardinals and royal personages.

It is reported that the Goldsmids, of London, and a house at Paris, are in treaty with Don Miguel, to advance him a considerable sum on the security of the jewels of the crown, and that of the Chapel Royal.

London, May 25, 1830.

The principal subject of conversation in political circles, is the fact which has just transpired, of prince Leopold's having at last made up his mind positively and unconditionally to refuse the offered sovereignty of Greece; this he has certainly not done without due deliberation, and I cannot but think he has made a wise choice. Fifty thousand a year, Marlborough-house, and the new police to see that you are not molested in the enjoyment of them, is surely far better than a precarious and perhaps nominal sway over an unsettled country, with the sword of Damocles suspended over one's head by a hair. The "divinity that doth hedge a king," must, at least till a succession or two has familiarized the Greeks to its idea, be of very little potency among a people who have been so long accustomed to see their petty despots dispatched without the slightest ceremony and at the shortest notice, by despots of their own. In the meantime, this refusal may not improbably be the cause of some embarrassment to the allied powers, who have taken the management of the affairs of Greece in hand. *Ex quo vis ligno non fit Mercurius*.—Materials for king-making are not as they were in Buonaparte's time, to be picked up in every corner, and had for the asking. That many persons may be found to "offer for the place," is not unlikely; but so many requisites are necessary besides that all-important consideration of family connexion, that I fear it will be some time before they are suited. His Majesty's health continues naturally to be the object of the greatest solicitude and anxiety, I cannot learn that any change of so favourable a nature as to induce a hope of eventual recovery has taken place, or is likely to do so; *angina pectoris* is unquestionably the disorder under which he is labouring, and though a temporary relief is afforded occasionally by puncturation, yet no one can say how long this may last, or that, as in the case of the late

Duke of York, the very remedy may not eventually be the proximate cause of dissolution. Scandal has been busy with the names of Lord and Lady William Lennox, but I cannot find that there is any truth in the reports which have been flying about, and which for that very reason I forbear to state, beyond the fact of their separation, which measures are, I understand, now going on, to render legal and final; the lady, in the mean time, has taken up her residence with a respectable female friend at an hotel of character, in the fashionable part of the town, and does not mean to return to the exercise of her profession, till matters are finally arranged. I hope and trust, that notwithstanding the rumours, many of them undoubtedly false, which have gone abroad, nothing will be found to have occurred which shall deprive her of those claims to respectability which she has always maintained. There is nothing new in the literary world, but expectation is on tip-toe with respect to the forthcoming second volume of Moore's *Life of Byron*, and the reply which it is presumed it will contain to Mr. Campbell's assault; the book is likely to be out about the end of next month, but nothing is known as to the nature of Mr. Moore's anticipated reply, farther than that there is to be one.—*Vive et vale*.

Cork, May 26th, 1830.

Literature, so far as publishing is concerned, is at a dead stand here. We have not a single bookseller, out of the four or five principal ones which Cork possesses, that publishes anything of greater importance than Gutteridge's amended and improved edition of the venerable Daniel Voster's *Arithmetic*, (vulgo *Vosten*) the principle of our own mercantile philosophers—and a few occasional impressions of the renowned Daniel Fenning's "single and double Universal spelling book for the use of schools and teachers." There is one indeed, Bleakly, who has some connection with an Edinburgh house. He has but lately entered into business, in which he seems to have good success: but the description of books he has already published, and, as far as I can learn, intends to publish, are purely religious, and whatever may be their particular merits, they hardly serve to make him an exception to the general assertion I have already made, that Cork is not just now a publishing place. In fact the booksellers find, or affect to find, which is just the same thing, that nothing except what bears the impress of the capital will sell, and so they very wisely (in their own conceits) remain as they are. You may perceive by this preface, that I can scarcely speak of the existing literature of our southern metropolis, which after all, I have no hesitation in asserting to be a most decidedly literary city: consequently to have any thing at all to say on the subject, I must of a necessity talk of the past, the recent dead—of the dead then be it: and first in order, Bolster's *Quarterly Magazine*, at one time pompously styled 'the Magazine of Ireland.' This periodical is really and absolutely defunct, though a semblance of life still lingers with it. There are some efforts making just at present to enable it to stand and move once more; but all that can be done to *Bolster* it up, will avail nothing, and these efforts will have no greater effect on its remains, than a galvanic apparatus upon a corpse: it may kick hard, and struggle for a few brief moments, but that too will soon be over. It has long been very irregular in its

appearances, another and a last number is, I understand, in course of preparation: I suppose to complete the set for sale.

The next in order is, or was rather, the Irish Catholic Magazine published monthly, though not every month. The death of this unfortunate periodical is chiefly to be ascribed to the narrow sectarian principle upon which it set out, and the rigid adherence, "through good and evil report," to that daring principle in its subsequent conduct: but abstract polemical disquisition, and religious dogmatical discussion were not at all to the taste of the reading public of our city, and the consequences of the experiment were easily foreseen from the reception of the first number; only two or three hundred copies sold. It was projected and supported by a few highly respectable and talented Roman Catholic clergymen, in conjunction with, I believe, a *laic* or two by way of sprinkling: they calculated, and not without some shadow of reason too, upon the co-operation of their own order, sufficiently at least to ensure its certain existence for any length of time they chose to let it live: but the *esprit de corps* for which that body has ever been so celebrated, failed for once—from what causes I am unable to conjecture, and the Irish Catholic Magazine after a most painful and distressing non-age, expired last September.

Have you ever heard of the Bagatelle? I am satisfied you have not, and am therefore determined that you shall hear about it now. The Bagatelle was, I may almost say, the very antithesis of its name. In place of being the merry, rattling, care-defying, dare-devil thing that its designation, to the unsophisticated, would be likely to import, it was on the contrary, with the exception of the two last mentioned periodicals, the most melancholy thing that Cork ever produced. When I say melancholy, I mean with respect to the Bagatelle, as an instance of the vanity of human hopes, and the futility of human confidence. Promises innumerable, of every description of support, from pen and purse, were lavished on the proprietors at its outset; a long list of subscribers was pointed to in perspective; and public favour was decided on as certain by their *soi-disant* friends and flatterers. But the promises were forgotten; and the subscribers were slow of coming in; and the "crack contributions" were a-wanting; and the public hardly heard of its existence, and so, like many other good things, it at last perished. Edited by one of the most talented men in the south of Ireland, a finished poet, an accomplished and popular orator, and a sensible and clever prose writer, with all his efforts, its existence could not be protracted beyond the first brief Quarter: at the expiration of that period, it ceased to live. I forgot to tell you that it was a weekly publication.

The next and last on our list is the Freeholder. This little paper, published every ten or eleven days, dealt principally in local anecdote and personal history. It was discontinued, after a long and successful career, about a twelvemonth since; but there are rumours afloat of its revival.

You must, I am sure, be pretty well wearied now, with this tedious epistle. I shall therefore in mercy to you conclude. In my next I may give you some notice of the long departed literature of this city, these are only the recently expired; or of the newspaper press and its dependencies.

I. S.

#### LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER OF WESTMINSTER.

Doubtless, my dear President, you thought I was dead, and you said, "poor fellow, the peripatetic will walk no more, and journalize no more observations on the world, and the people that be therein;" and then you turned to your occupations, and wrote a jocose critique for the Gazette. But I was not dead, as you may perceive, I was worse—far worse—in short I was in the rheumatism, that most horrible continuity of cramping pain, that knoweth not rest by day, nor permitteth the sweet obliviousness of sleep by night. The bitterness of January and February passed away without hope, and the mildness of a part of March engendered a hope which ended only in disappointment. Then came April, a lucky month they say for fools, but certainly not for philosophers. I waited day after day, for the bonne fortune of a "notice to quit," on the part of Monsieur le Rheumatism—but it came not—at last on the 29th, "Och, I'll ever remember the day," as our friend O'Shea used to sing—an acquaintance, no: a "damned good-natured friend," brought me the Blackwood for May, damp and odorous, from Cadell's Mail parcel. The villain had seen the Shepherd's receipt for curing the rheumatism, and had the cruelty to come to regale me with the jest. The effect was singular: after having with the little strength that was left to me, and infinite pain, thrown at my visitor's head my bottle of mustard seed, the last "infallible remedy," which had been recommended to me, together with my night-cap, and all and sundry the other misiles within my reach; and having ordered him to leave the presence, in a voice too peremptory for any but a rheumatic philosopher, I 'back recoiled' upon my couch, and through sheer exhaustion, fell asleep.

"Our life is two-fold—sleep hath its own world,  
And dreams in their development have tears,  
And tortures, and the touch of joy."\*

Tortures, indeed! I dreamt, Sir, that I went through the process described by the shepherd. I actually endured all that horrible agony. I recollect still, the horrible sharp pinches of the old hag who was called in to perform the operation of "nipping." Her fingers were all bone—thin sharp bone; and there was a something devilish in the grin, not amounting to a laugh, with which she greeted my writhings. Then was I whipped with switches, and scrubbed with brushes, which I well knew could not be of bristles, for never were bristles so strong, and rugged: no, Sir, they must have been of split whalebone, and they tore up my skin, which was afterwards scourged with nettles. But even all this was nothing compared to the horror of the siccatory operation. I thought I tried to yell out at that, though I had borne all the rest like a man; but they stifled my cries by dragging up the feather bed over my face: this was too much. I knew then, that deliberate murder must be intended; so with the desperate energy of one in the death-grip, I exerted a strength equal to that of Ajax, or of 'ten such articulating mortals as now tread the earth,' and pushed the yielding mass over against the opposing fiends that sought to smother me. I awoke—and, oh!

\* We have been dreaming dreams lately ourselves: we shall present our readers with specimens, in a dreamy article next week.

powers of perspiration! what a state I was in: the couch swam—but thanks to providence—to Blackwood's Magazine, and to my "damned good-natured friend," the rheumatism was utterly gone. I was weak, very weak, but in a few days I was able to crawl forth into the balmy air, and here, even in Westminster, to look at the glorious works of God, exhibited in the vigorous spring around me, and the sunny skies above. The sunbeams were dancing upon the water too in St. James's Park, and upon the margin of the little islands which be therein—and the long lines of old trees covered with young green leaves, invited me to the delicious shade and coolness of the adjoining walks.

Within the enclosure were groups of nicely dressed happy looking children playing about; and under some big trees, near the water's side, aged people were sitting upon chairs, some reading a book, some a newspaper, and some enjoying the luxury of perfect ease and idleness, with no occupation but their own meditations.

It would be worth while, but it would take too long just now, to compare this place, and its apparent innocence and tranquillity, with the scenes which five minutes walk into the Strand, and the parts that do adjacent lie, would present to the view of a Peripatetic—this I shall do some other time in my journal, but at present I was too well disposed to pleasurable reflection, to seek to mar it by the knowledge of evil as well as of good, and I walked home to my early chop of mutton, and to look at the pile of books, which, during my confinement to a sick chamber, my worthy bibliophile had, in compliance with my standing orders, accumulated on my table. I glanced at many, but that which immediately fastened my attention, and actually held me, a mere convalescent, up till midnight, was Leitch Ritchie's "Game of Life." Have you read that book? He must, indeed, have been a Peripatetic to some purpose—but what a fearful appalling bitterness there is in his descriptions. He strips off the surface-skin with which vanity and imagination, working together, are willing to clothe the affairs of life, such as occur day by day before us, and he holds up the bare reality to our view, quivering with life and painfulness.—He has dreadful deliberation in him, he spares us not, and the sarcastic coolness of his lighter moods, almost reminds one of the laughter of the damned, wherein there is no merriment. The book is very frightful, but withal it is very true. If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves—and we do thus deceive ourselves, every day—every hour. We think we are "just well enough," and that we shall "purge and live cleanly" a few years before we die, and so all will be well; but, like your Irish friend, we "think a damned lie." Our badness is only to be equalled by one thing, and that is, the extremeness of our folly—our miserable folly, which is continually rejecting the good and the simple, and embracing and holding fast all manner of frauds, affectations, vanities, and lies, all lies, and we partly know them to be lies, but we hug our own deceit—we go with the stream;—we have not "leisure to be good!"—

\* It is plain that our respected friend has suffered a much greater misfortune than any rheumatism, however acute; he must have been prevented reading the D. L. G. or he could not have asked this question. We should thank him to glance at No. 16, where he will find the "Game of Life" described as a work of intense though painful interest, just tallying with his own rheumatic views.

En.